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considers the perfection of the Irish Harp as contrary to "sound reason." He may as well say, that national bank-notes are superior to gold-guineas, because they pass for a time; but they still want the sterling value, and are subject to forgeries. In earlier ages, the Harp was in great use, and well understood by all ranks: so much was it revered, that it became our coat of arms, and it was struck upon our coins. According to the reasoning of A.Z., the piano-forte or musical glasses should now be struck upon our coins; but they would only be understood by people "in affluent circumstances," and the lower classes of society could have no knowledge of what the motto meant. As they are the only persons upon whom all the burthens fall in peace and war, the instrument so national and well understood by them, should not be discarded, until a better is found.

Old Byran Boroihme, when leading on his brave troops to the battle of Clontarf, would not have been convinced of the utility of telling them that there were a few fine ladies, elegantly dressed, sitting in well-furnished rooms, at their piano-fortes, or musical glasses, playing national airs for their success; nor do I think that the brave Highland bands who defeated Bonaparte's Invincibles in Egypt, would have considered similar language of as much use as their national instrument the bag pipe. I do not pretend to say, that new improvements should not be encouraged, but our old Harp, in early times, was tuned to the national interest, and by its soft, though simple tones, blended the feelings of all ranks and degrees, for the public weal. How happy would it be for this country, could its simple strains be renewed, to promote the good of this distracted isle.

I am, Gentlemen, your humble servant,

AN OLD PIPER.

Ballinascreen.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

AS I saw a life of LAVATER in the Belfast Monthly Magazine for November, I subjoin the following, which perhaps may be worth inserting. I believe it was never published.

E.E.

LAVATER'S OBSERVATIONS ON THE
COUNTENANCE OF CHARLES FOX,
WHOM HE MET ON HIS LAST TOUR
THROUGH SWITZERLAND.

Front inepuisable; plus de richesses & d'images que je ne jamais vu peint sur aucune Physionomie au monde.

Sourcils superbes, regnants, dominants—Les yeux remplis de genie, percants, magiques.

Nez mediocre; les joues sensuelles.

Bouche pleine d'une volubilité surprenante, & agréable.

Et le bas du visage, douce, affable, sociable.

Translation, or rather Paraphrase.

THIS forehead contains treasures of intellect, vast, and inexhaustible. Never have I yet beheld, in the face of man, such opulence of mind, and, if I may say so, such a populousness of ideas. Sublime eye-brows! they become the front of Jove himself; they characterize the whole countenance, spread an awe and authority over it, while beneath these thickening, gathering clouds, the lightning flash of the eyes penetrates, and, as it were, tranfixes by a power

like enchantment. A very common-place, well-enough nose—the cheeks betray a disposition to sensuality. That mouth is eloquent in its very dumbness. It is a cornucopia that pours out, without ceasing, its facile exuberance of expression, and is never emptied nor exhausted. The lower part of the visage, bland, companionable, sociable, gives welcome to all. In short, this face in its higher region, is intellectual, and belongs to Heaven; in the middle, is sensual, and earthly; in the lower, is Human Nature clothed in its choicest prerogatives—IT IS THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE. T.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE following letters from Robert Robinson, of whom a biographical sketch was given in a former No. of the Belfast Magazine, and from William Huntington, S.S. (Sinner Saved, as he affectedly styled himself,) are extracted from the Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature, for Nov. 1813. They are presented to the readers of the Belfast Magazine as a curious contrast between unassuming humility and self-confident presumption. Robert Robinson's letter was probably the last one he wrote, being dated only a very few days before his death.

Chesterton,

Tuesday, May 25, 1790.

REV. SIR,

This morning your favour came to hand. It is, like yourself, a pleasing compound of piety and politeness. I own it gives me a great deal of pain to feel my incompetence, and foresee my inequality to the good work which you complaisance hath assigned me. Indeed my cold hath lain harder upon me than any

other of my life, and to go so far to bray like an ass, sinks my courage. I have but one hope, and that is, that change of air will do me good; at least every body tells me so.

I feel myself extremely obliged to you for forming such an agreeable plan of journeying. I intend, in this instance, to resign myself wholly to the disposal of my friends, and I trust they will prescribe me no clashing rules. If they be happy, I shall be so, here, there, any where.

I intend to travel in a single horse-chaise, for the benefit of accommodating the journey to my own feelings, to go, to stay, to stop, to eat, to fast, just as my feeble stomach will give me leave. It is also as cheap, if not cheaper, than the road machines. My youngest son, a sailor, just returned from the Levant, and at present on a visit here, intends to pilot me out and home, and I indulge myself in indulging him, for he is neither a booby nor a knave, but he is deeply infected with heresy, of which to be sure Dr. Priestley is like to cure him.

Most certainly, unless all men be liars, the Leasowes, Hagley, Hales-Owen, Enville, &c. are fine scenes, and tend to enrapture the beholder; but set to music by Mr. Gentleman's wise conversation, I shall lay aside the stare, and dispose myself to listen and learn. You live in happy scenes, and I murmur because I am tethered to willows, priests, and bogs, and fens.

I think the printed sheet is fine, because it is tender, and goes to sooth and supple the heart.

I mean to set out on Wednesday, June 2d, to spend that day with a quondam clergyman about ten miles off, a Mr. Hammond, who fled for freedom, from established creeds and rituals, to our land of liberty, and now shines with peculiar lustre.